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# The potent medicine of death

By D. J. Enright

YUKIO MISHIMA:  
Yukio Mishima on Hagakure  
The Samurai Ethic and Modern Japan  
Translated by Kathryn Sparling  
166pp. Condor Books/Souvenir Press. £4.95.

JUNICHIRO TANIZAKI:  
In Praise of Shadows  
Translated by Thomas J. Harper and Edward G. Seidensticker  
48pp. Leete's Island Books, Box 1131, New Haven, Connecticut 06505. \$2.75.

The world did not hear too much about the "samurai virtues" after the Second World War. Japan (not wholly inaccurately) was Kabuki and Nô and Buddhist temples, flower arrangements and tea ceremonies: a land of poets and sweet-scented women and A-bomb victims. It can only be a sign of Western self-disaffection that of recent years Western scholars have turned their attention to the old Japanese warrior ideals. It may well be that the mystery of the Japanese, as they notice them at all, feel towards these foreign dealings with their past much as the Japanese authorities at the end of the nineteenth century felt towards Lafcadio Hearn. They had hired him to sway foreign opinion in favour of their modernizing policies, and instead he cursed those policies and lamented the passing of the ancient ways: "We are the barbarians!"

Symptomatic of the changing attitude in our time is Ivan Morris' (1975), *The Nobility of Failure*, a work of immense erudition, scope and grace, which (although, or perhaps because, it is concerned with courageous failure rather than brilliant success) implicitly goes some way towards rehabilitating the samurai ethos and the cult of death's superiority over life. The nearest equivalent I can think of in British terms would be a tiny one, but perhaps not implausible: the casting of the effigy, pacified, negative writing of Wilfred Owen in favour of Rupert Brooke's noble, dedicated and idealistic sons.

The final chapter of *The Nobility of Failure* (the book is dedicated to the memory of Yukio Mishima) concerns the kamikaze pilots of the Second World War, and in it Ivan Morris writes:

*Hagakure*, the most influential of all samurai treatises ever written, combines the characters for "dying" (*shini*) and "going mad" (*kurui*) into a single word, *kurishini* (death-frenzy), and enjoins that ancient state on the warrior: for he cannot hope to accomplish any great deed, until he has first "surmounted himself" by discarding the cautious dictates of reason and self-interest.

*Hagakure* is the teachings of Jocho Yamamoto, a samurai turned priest on the death of his master, as transcribed around 1710. During the Second World War, Kathryn Sparling tells us, editions of the work "proliferated and sold in staggering numbers" after the war, it was "quickly abandoned as dangerous and subversive", and copies were destroyed before the censorious eyes of the Occupation could fall on them. (Yukio Mishima put it more suavely: "It was time pre-eminence as socially obligatory reading had ended.")

The general tenor of *Hagakure* is this: "I discovered that the Way of the Samurai is death. In a life of death, simple death, is the only true life. The only true life is death." The concise definition of it is provided by Mishima in his up-dating commentary: "*Hagakure* is an attempt to cure the peaceful character of modern society by the potent medicine of death."

It is a potent medicine, and it is a new empire of transistor radios, cars and watches and "expense account aristocrats". Mishima embraced *Hagakure* as a gospel for the times, a remarkable simple and direct gospel. The message is: "All one needs is a mania for death," and the apostle gloated it thus: "Our enormous frustration at not being able to die is mounting fast. When all other demands have been satisfied, death becomes our only unsatisfied desire."

*Hagakure* itself might be considered an interesting historical

document, affording a glimpse into a safely remote past. And at times, for the less than respectful modern reader, it also affords some kinship with a *New Statesman*-type competition calling for concocted "provocative sayings". The word "Ouch" is to be avoided: "Such words must never pass one's lips, nor in jest, nor in fun, nor asleep, nor by accident, nor in any context whatsoever." Then, "If you chase two rabbits, you will miss them both," and, rather snappier, "nice guys finish last" (what was the eighteenth-century Japanese word for "guy"?). But Mishima does not desire us to look on *Hagakure* in this spirit, or lack of it. For him *Hagakure* is "a strange book of peerless morality... energetic, soul-crushing".

Mishima's whole-hogger, his refusal to temper his message with any kind of compromise, compels something approaching admiration. He insists that what matters is "purity of action": thus to wish to die in a good cause is to display the calculating mentality of an arrogant Osaka/Manchester merchant. Wo

A cross-heading in Mishima's commentary reads, "The Compromise Climate of Today, When One May Neither Live Beautifully Nor Die Horribly." Those who suspect

that the famous "Japanese spirit" has given the most of the Japanese people a bad time for centuries, will hardly expect comfort from Junichiro Tanizaki's *In Praise of Shadows*, an essay dating from 1933. Aestheticism is the other side of the same coin, intimately related to highbrow nihilism and the death cult in its revulsion from the "messiness" of life and its pursuit of "perfection".

In the event, however, fanaticism and cultural chauvinism are calmly subverted by the humour that tinged Tanizaki's "aesthetic" and the strong hints of earthly appetite which escape from it. Tanizaki begins with the problems attendant on the introduction of modern conveniences into traditional contexts. "No stove worthy of the name will ever look right in a Japanese room. As for the Western-style lavatory... it is all too bright and shiny and stark."

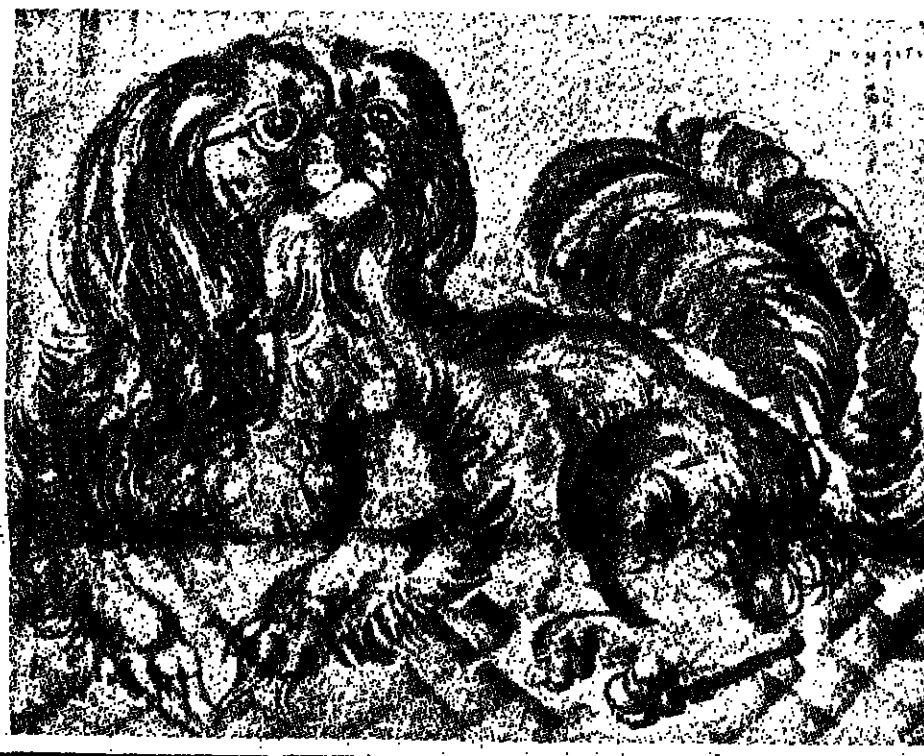
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of illumination. "The cleanliness of what can be seen only calls up the more clearly thoughts of what cannot be seen. In such places the distinction between the clean and uncleanly best left obscure, shrouded in

darkness." In *In Praise of Shadows* is a full, nostalgic piece, now elegantly translated. It is a piece in which Tanizaki's perhaps overdone in 1977. Essentially the essay is a sophisticated gloss on the concept, *shibui*—a word too feebly to be translated as "chaste" or "simple yet refined" which never fails to elicit respect still, whatever company it is spoken in. It is inescapably commonplace that the Japanese are both eagerly imitative and profoundly traditionalist. A formidable combination! While the Japanese are both eagerly imitative and profoundly traditionalist, the Japanese are both eagerly imitative and profoundly traditionalist. The Japanese are both eagerly imitative and profoundly traditionalist. The Japanese are both eagerly imitative and profoundly traditionalist.

Unlike Mishima, Tanizaki was not seriously proposing a return to the past, to Japan's prolonged Middle Ages. More than body-building, Mishima, he lived in the body. Thomas J. Harper relates in an afterword to the present book that when the author contemplated building a new house, his architect announced with pride: "I've read your *In Praise of Shadows*, Mr. Tanizaki, and know exactly what you want." Tanizaki replied, "No, I could never live in a house like that." And he ended his essay by indicating his gratitude for the material benefits of modernity. It was "for literature" that he would call back "this world of shadows we are losing sight of."

He would push back the things that obstructed too clearly: "I do not want that this be done everywhere, perhaps we may be allowed at least one mansion where we can turn off the electric light and see what it is like without them." Though some of his novels may have led Western readers to doubt it, Tanizaki was able and willing to distinguish between life and art. We remember that he was one of the major Japanese writers of recent decades to die a natural death.



A pekingese painted by Tsenghaua Fouliu: one of the many attractive illustrations in Rumer Godden's *The Butterfly Lions* (1976, Macmillan, £5.50). This is not a conventional dog book, but a study of the pekingese in history, art and legend from antiquity to the present day. The author takes as her starting-point the story of "a pekingese" looted from the Summer Palace, one of the first pekingese seen in the West, brought to England by a Captain Dunn during the Opium War and presented to Queen Victoria in 1861.

## Beachheads of Europe

By Richard Harris

RHOADS MURPHY:

*The Outsiders: The Western Experience in India and China*  
299pp. Am. Arbor: University of Michigan Press, \$16.50.

After Vasco da Gama's Indian landfall in 1498, about 250 years were to pass before the wheels of modern industry began to turn in Europe. During those centuries the Portuguese and Spanish, the Dutch, French and British competitors for power, profit or preaching in Asia could not have regarded the major civilizations with which they came into contact as inferior to their own. Yet the modern Western historian, even an Indian one, as in Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel's *India and Western Dominance*, treats the whole period from Vasco da Gama to the end of British rule in India in 1947 as a single era of Western superiority asserting itself in Asia.

Rhoads Murphy seeks to correct this view. He is a twentieth-century Westerner, and his view is still a Western one. It has given rise to a false assumption of European advantage dating from the earliest contacts, whereas, as he demonstrates in the differing cases of India and China, these countries had functioning economies in no way inferior to those of Europe, more often superior. He points out that for his journey from East Africa to the Gulf of Aden, Vasco da Gama took a Gujarati pilot. There was no lack of sailing skills in the Indian Ocean.

The trading ships then sailing on Eastern seas—Indian, Malayan, Chinese—were bigger and more seaworthy than Vasco da Gama's craft.

Nor were there any signs of decline in either India or China in 1498. The Mogul conquest was still a generation ahead, while in China, when the Portuguese arrived in Macao, the Ming dynasty had a century still to run. European dominance was not therefore an idea in the minds of the traders or the missionaries from the West until the eighteenth century. If dates could be given for the time at which Europe's obvious technological advantage had been established, then for India it might have been around 1750, for China Professor Murphy suggests, not until the early nineteenth century. Certainly the accounts of China given by Chinese-speaking travellers such as J. R. Davis and Robert Fortune in the 1830s, and 1840s showed their astonishment at so skilled an agriculture and at the good order they found in the countryside.

India was always accessible and open to scrutiny; China was always hidden and difficult, as much as today as then. The Ming or Ching. This China tends to attract exaggeration, whether in praise or denigration. There is Macartney's much-quoted view, in 1793, of China as an "enormous, first-rate man of war," that could "never be rebuffed on the old bottom," a judgment Professor Murphy discards as premature; yet the mandarin assigned to Macartney's embassy were inexpressibly pleased at the "lavishness of the offerings, and the civility of the Chinese, and the various courtesies for raising and

lowering the glasses, curtains and jalouses," when given a ride in Macartney's post-chaise.

Nevertheless, Professor Murphy's economic approach is generally convincing. His argument is centred on the ports which became the beachheads of Western influence in the East. He asks why, in South and Southeast Asia, the influences of the hinterland but not in China. The Indians readily accepted colonial rule, with able and loyal collaborators offering themselves plentifully. The Chinese, on the other hand, were not only resisted Western penetration but were scarcely at all diverted from the assurance of their own unity and sovereignty by the power exerted from the treaty ports. On this latter point Professor Murphy's lengthy research and convincing arguments are particularly valuable.

There is perhaps less illumination in the comparison he has set up between China and India as the two largest countries in the continent, both of which he has been able to study at first-hand, since they are the countries in Asia wholly different civilizations. This makes the contrast too easy, yet at some significant points inadequately stated, as when the important divergence of religious and political outlook is not given the same weight as the economic and administrative differences. Such differences were probably not less true of both countries before the first Western contacts. India never acquired the political and cultural unity that could give it the same sense that China had of being a complete civilization that needed no additional ingredients from outside.

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## World in an uproar

By Anthony Thwaite

NATSUNE SOSEKI:  
*Sanshiro*  
248pp. University of Washington Press. £11.25.

MORI OGAI:  
*The Incident at Sakai and other stories*  
228pp.  
Saki Kol and other stories  
220pp.

Edited by David Dilworth and J. Thomas Rimer  
University Press of Hawaii. \$12.95 each.

It is hard to overestimate the effect of the Meiji era on the Japanese sensibility: there is no more crucial period in the country's long history. It began in 1868 and by the time of the Russo-Japanese war, modern Japan was essentially established. The most impressive writers to emerge from this period, which can truly be seen as Japan's Renaissance, were Natsume Soseki (1867-1916) and Mori Ogai (1862-1922). Both were widely read in Europe, and of course Chinese literature.

Soseki's experience inclined more towards England; he spent almost three years in England at the beginning of the century, was professor of English literature at Tokyo University, and by the time he began his career as a novelist in 1905 had already established himself as a literary critic and theorist. In a way, he created the taste by which he is enjoyed. His work, like that of a fiction writer, was brief, copious, enormously various, and intense.

Soseki's novels have been arriving in English in the usual haphazard fashion that marks translations from the Japanese—sporadically, in the wrong chronological order, and in some cases in inferior versions (though some of the books have been translated more than once, and one can pick and choose between renderings). *Kokoro*, his serious masterpiece, and *Bokujin*, his most popular comedy, have been available for some time, as have others which are either of less interest to a Western audience or have been clumsily translated.

Now they are joined by *Sanshiro*, sensitively done by Jay Rubin, together with a clear and informative essay by Professor Rubin on Soseki and this particular novel.

The world was in an uproar: he watched it, but he could not join it. His own world and the real world were aligned on a single plane, but nowhere did they coincide. The real world would move on in its uproar and leave him behind. The thought filled him with a great unease.

This is *Sanshiro*, a young man of twenty-three from the southern island of Kyushu who has arrived in Tokyo, the seat of the Imperial Army, and all this time was producing prodigious quantities of novels, stories, poems, biographies, plays, translations, philosophical works and theoretical criticism.

His innocence is positive, as he is naive, but certainly not stupid. His innocence is positive, as he is naive, but certainly not stupid. His innocence is positive, as he is naive, but certainly not stupid.

By Peter Prince

TONY CURTIS:  
*Kid Andrew Cody and Julie Sparrow*  
307pp. W. H. Allen. £4.50.

Tony Curtis fans—we are everywhere—have been looking forward to this latest manifestation of the man's talents. Evolution has been the hallmark of the Curtis career: he is one of the great survivors. The pretty-boy punk of the 1950s grew into the dazzling comic performer of the 1960s. He has given his fans such a chance to show his quality, a recent brief appearance in the thankless, rather cruel role of an ageing Hollywood idol in *The Last Tango in Paris*. He has managed to demonstrate to the world that he is not only a great actor, but a great person. He is a great person. He is a great person.

of people who have not been able to cope with it. *Sanshiro* is an idealist, impressed by the strange lights and shadows of each revelation as it comes to him—the city, the university, scholarship and learning, and perhaps above all, women. From the beginning, his journey from the south to Tokyo when he finds himself sharing a bed in an inn with an unknown woman, right to the end, when he goes at a portrait of Minako, the girl he has suddenly married, *Sanshiro* is in thrall to these unattainable creatures.

*Sanshiro* is a poignant, subtle but often comically robust picture of growing up in a rapidly changing world. It is a picture of a young man who is not unattractively, and all the Professor Rubin points out) and the detail is significant, not the tipped-out barrow-load of trivia which was sometimes the way with early Japanese naturalists. *Sanshiro*'s innocence is unlikely to survive, but Soseki neither agonizes this into sentimentality nor does he manipulate it for cheaply comic effects. If I had to match what Soseki does in this book, and does so successfully with a Western writer, I think I would choose Forster.

The differences are of course great, but the delicate humour, the unobtrusive shading of innocence and experience, are Forster's. *Sanshiro* was first published in 1908, the year of *A Room with a View*. Forster wrote in the sunset of Edwardian vigour and warring heterodoxies, and it is extremely unlikely that one was aware of the other. But it is about time that Anglo-American readers at least noticed the existence of *Sanshiro* and Jay Rubin's efforts to make it available. The book, though it belongs in the mainstream of world literature.

Mori Ogai is a much harder case. These two volumes from the University Press of Hawaii are unlikely to give him wide currency in spite (or perhaps because) of J. Thomas Rimer's exhortation:

Men of the stature of Natsume Soseki and Mori Ogai are worthy of being included in the small circle of serious writers in the modern spirit—James, Dostoevski, Eliot, Sartre, Camus—who consider fearlessly the human condition. None of these men wrote works that can be considered entertainment. Ogai is as difficult to read as any of them, and his concerns are as profound.

With supporters like that, who needs enemies? Ogai was an even more potent force in Meiji Japan than Soseki. He was a warrior in an area of intellectual, and indeed practical, life that he did not touch. After medical training in Germany, he led a double career in Japan as writer and doctor, eventually becoming surgeon-general of the Imperial Army, and all this time was producing prodigious quantities of novels, stories, poems, biographies, plays, translations, philosophical works and theoretical criticism.

His English, Ogai's was German and he carried with him the full

argument with Joey Vitucci, "the head of a small and organised mob operating out of New York, whose strength was his unpopularity."

Without a firm backbone, the book is a confusing tangle of semi-popular anecdotes and potted biographies of Hollywood and Vegas types. The book is a confusing tangle of semi-popular anecdotes and potted biographies of Hollywood and Vegas types. The book is a confusing tangle of semi-popular anecdotes and potted biographies of Hollywood and Vegas types.

Julie has grown into a suave semi-criminal. Kid Andrew into a cowboy. Kid Andrew into a cowboy. Kid Andrew into a cowboy. Kid Andrew into a cowboy.

rigour of German scholarship. Yet to call him "difficult" does him poor service.

From the whole of Ogai's massive production, Professors Rimer and Dilworth have chosen to present a selection of the "historical" stories he wrote towards the end of his life: those were the same years Ogai's response to the death of the beloved Emperor Meiji in 1912 and even more to the subsequent *junki*, or ritual suicide, of General Nogai and his wife. The shock of this samurai act seemed to concentrate Ogai on his own interior samurai morality, forcing him to rethink incidents from the past. "Using history as a point of departure" was the way he put it in an essay written in 1915, shortly after publishing *Sanshiro* the "steward" (included in the first of these two volumes); but at the end of that essay he wrote: "When I looked over what I had written, I somehow felt that history in this fashion was unsatisfactory."

Now, oblique dicta by authors about their past works are not always to be taken very seriously (compare Eliot on *The Waste Land*—"a piece of rhythmical grumbling"); but Ogai's questioning of his method in these post-1912 stories has to be taken more seriously than Professor Rimer and Dilworth appear to do in their lengthy prefatory and annotatory material in these two volumes.

True, several Japanese critics have singled out the earlier stories as the peak of Ogai's achievement, but surely that is because they can be neatly fitted into a "philosophy of resignation" characteristic of several post-Meiji writers in their later development. Tanizaki, Kawabata, even Mishima. This is interesting psychologically and sociologically; but would anyone argue that the literary merit of these boldly deliberate chronicles of faded Japan, full of elaborate genealogies, minute antiquarian circumstances, flat narrative and even flatter characterization, is more considerable than that, say, of "Can" ("The Wild Goose"), a story that draws on Ogai's experiences in Germany?

One can see the challenge of unpopularity to which Professor Rimer and Dilworth responded (for example, in "Saki Kol" a course produces an entertaining pun, *Yuzukimono*, which means both "Please come again many times" and "Clothes-favoured fair sales"), and there is something in what Professor Dilworth says about Ogai's effort in these stories being one of "reposement", a taking over, remoulding and transcending of traditional Japanese themes and values.

But is Professor Dilworth illuminating anything when he writes: "the coexistence of various sediments of value traditions in a variety of integrative contexts allows for a distinctive kind of cultural dynamics." It is to be hoped that a more contemporary physics, the quantum-lattice of Japanese culture provides for a complex pattern of interflow between valational levels and their potential energies in a given matrix of integration.

Not even Ogai's most Teutonic allusions are any excuse for this sort of thing.

Francis Clifford, who died two years ago, was the author of a number of exceedingly good thrillers, most of the two series in this collection do not deal with espionage, violence, or sudden death. The earliest, and possibly the best, are set in pre-war Burma, and are irresistibly reminiscent of Maugham. They have the same neatness, the same feeling for form, the same sense of irony, though the narrator is a younger, less

James Clinton

## Dublin's depressive

By Frank Tuohy

PATRICK KAVANAGH:  
*By Night Unstarred*  
199pp. The Curragh, Co. Kildare: Goldsmith Press. £4.50.

*By Night Unstarred* consists of two posthumous prose fragments by Patrick Kavanagh, the Irish poet who died in 1967. Subtitled "An Autobiographical Novel", it has been edited with an introduction, connecting passages and epilogue by Peter Kavanagh, whose role as his "brother's keeper" has many likenesses to that of Stanislaus Joyce. Ten years younger than the poet, his editor describes himself as starting on his career as a National Teacher "to support Patrick as well as myself—or at the very least give Patrick a start". Patrick was at this time thirty-two, had worked as a shoemaker and now ploughed his "wet fields" in County Monaghan. But he had already begun publishing poems under the auspices of, among others, AE, the editor of the *Irish Statesman*. After an unsuccessful London trip where he tried to secure a work as a teacher, he finally gave up the farm and settled in Dublin in 1939.

*By Night Unstarred* was begun in 1950. It was to follow two earlier autobiographical works, *The Green Fool* and *Tarry Flynn*, which earned him some fame. There was also the notoriety occasioned by his long poem "The Great Hunger", whose evocations of masturbation ("the no-target gun fired") led to the banning of the Irish number of *Horizon*. For his new book, according to Peter Kavanagh, "he used the novel form—for him a tired and tedious vehicle". Hardly a recommendation, one might think. But, though obviously hell to meet, Patrick Kavanagh is one of those writers whom it is fascinating to read and to read about.

At the outset of the book the hero Patrick has insulted, or been insulted by, the new Irish Devine family, middle-class Dubliners, in a letter. He is now writing to trace the rise of the Devines from their impoverished background as peasant farmers. Though sketchy, in parts, this is Kavanagh at his best, economical, lyrical and mercilessly free from any political context: it is the world of his own young manhood, his six watery fields. Then the Devines grow prosperous, buy a new house, invite the poet to tea. There the first fragment ends.

Kavanagh believed himself to be in reaction against the whole Irish literary movement, and especially against Parnock Quality (known as "P.Q.") as Parnock Quality. Thereafter, but time has blurred the difference, and made authenticity seem less important than talent. Talent he certainly possessed; *By Night Unstarred*, irritating and unsatisfactory as it may be, provides further evidence.

## Burmese days

FRANCIS CLIFFORD:

*Ten Minutes on a June Morning*  
187pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £3.95.

Francis Clifford, who died two years ago, was the author of a number of exceedingly good thrillers, most of the two series in this collection do not deal with espionage, violence, or sudden death. The earliest, and possibly the best, are set in pre-war Burma, and are irresistibly reminiscent of Maugham. They have the same neatness, the same feeling for form, the same sense of irony, though the narrator is a younger, less

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